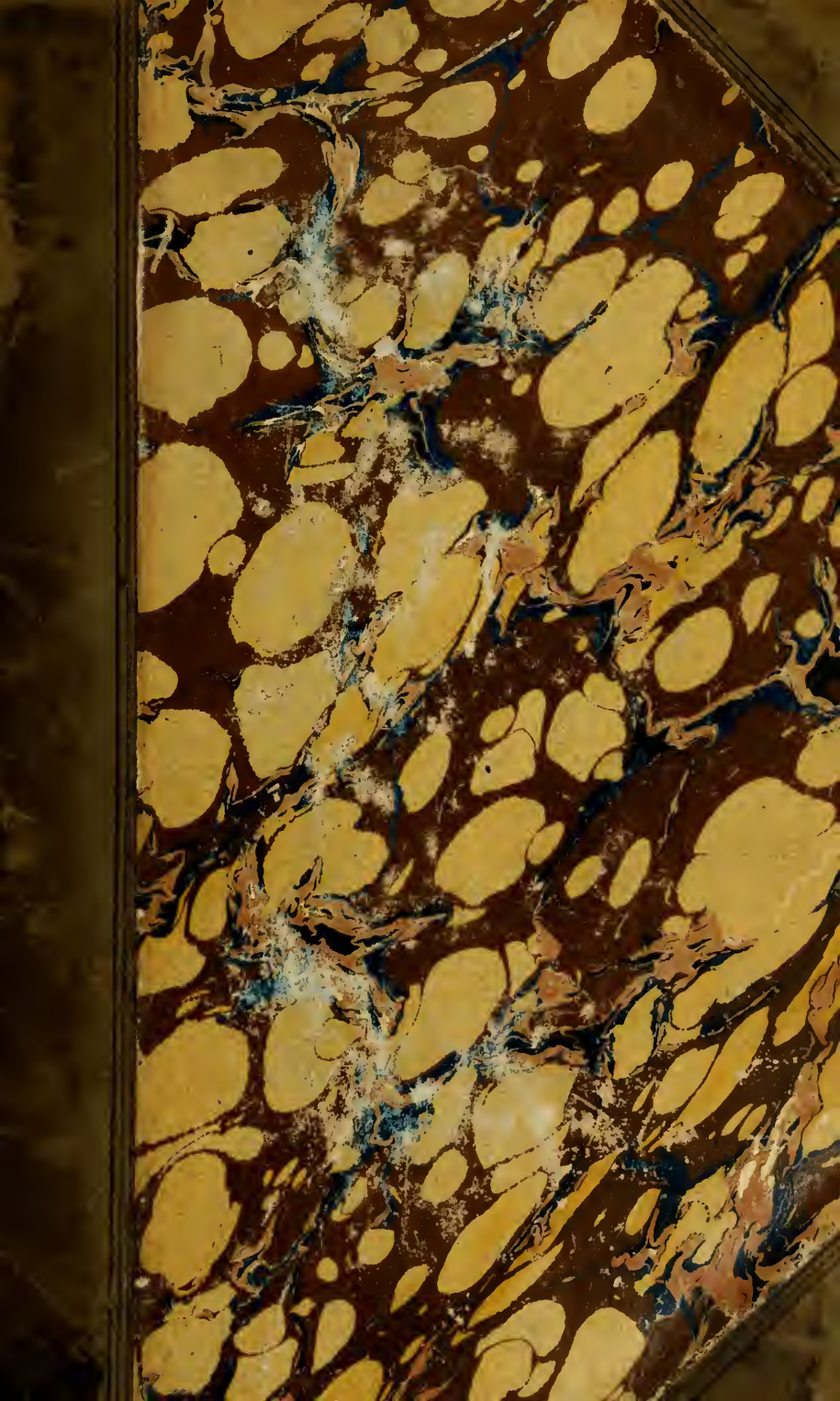

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"WITNESS FOR JESUS:"

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN SUBSTANCE

AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

AT THE

Special Evening Service,

ON THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, APRIL 17, 1864,

BY

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A

SERMON,

&c.

Acts i. 8.

"Ye shall be witnesses unto Me."

At this Easter season we naturally turn to the consideration of those precious words which fell from our Blessed Lord during the interval that elapsed between His Resurrection and His Ascension into heaven. And among these sayings, the text has the distinction of being the last,—it is the parting utterance of our ascending Saviour "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." And then we are told that "when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight." Undoubtedly these last words of Jesus had a meaning for the Apostles which they could have for no other men. The Apostles had been told that they were to "bear witness" because they "had been with" Jesus "from the beginning[1]." And when afterwards St. Matthias was elected unto the place of Judas, the electors were reminded that their choice was limited to "those men who had companied with" themselves "all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them," since they needed a "witness to the Resurrection[2]." Thus the text is in fact an epitome of the history which is afterwards unfolded in the Acts of the Apostles; in which, bursting from the holy city, the circles of missionary effort widen perpetually, passing beyond Judea, beyond Samaria, even beyond the bounds of civilized heathendom, towards the full measure of their predestined range, "the uttermost part of the earth."

Still, although for the Apostles personally, and for the Apostles as representing their successors in the ministry of the Church,

[1] St. John xv. 27. [2] Acts i. 21, 22.

our Lord's words had this distinguished and unrivalled significance, they do contain a wider range of meaning, which leads me to invite your attention to them this evening. For the Apostles standing before their departing Lord impersonate not merely the Ministry, but the Church; and Jesus, in His last words on earth, speaks not merely to the clerical order; He bequeaths a legacy of glory and of suffering to the millions of Christendom: "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me."

I. "Witnesses unto *Me*." It at once strikes us that our Lord Himself,—in His sacred Person,—is the truth, the reality, the glorious power to which His servants are to bear their witness. Certainly in a parallel passage in St. Luke's Gospel our Lord is represented as saying, "Ye are witnesses of *these things*," when referring to His Passion and His Resurrection[3]. But there are some grounds for believing that the words in St. Luke may have been uttered at a slightly earlier date than that of the actual Ascension; and although, as a matter of fact, the "witness to the Resurrection" was, from the necessity of their case, the leading feature of the recorded preaching of the Apostles, and witness to His redemptive work was clearly involved in any true witness to the Person of Jesus, still we may not overlook the precise form of expression which our Lord adopts in the text. "Witnesses unto Me! "Others might witness to My miracles, they were wrought in the "face of day; others might repeat My discourses, 'spoken in the "temple whither the Jews always resort;' and you, in witnessing "to Me, will witness likewise to My works and to My teaching. "But My works and My teaching are but the rays which proceed "from My inmost life, My personality, Myself; and it is to this, "to nothing less than this, to all that this implies, that I bid you "witness." Contrast our Lord's words with what we should expect from a great man at the present day. We should expect him to tell us that his endowments or his achievements were after all the gift of heaven; that in himself he was nothing, and unworthy of the greatness which had been forced upon him. If he should forget his native poverty, and claim honour for himself, as distinct from the gift or influence with which he had been endued, then our human sense would be outraged, and we should, in our deep disappointment, proclaim him unworthy of his greatness, because incapable of that modesty which is so winning in human conduct, because it is so true to the facts of human life.

[3] St. Luke xxiv. 48.

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Jesus Christ our Lord defies this rule of human judgments, and the conscience of mankind justifies Him in defying it. He who could say to the men of His generation, "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?" He who could dare to utter the tremendous words, "I and the Father are One," could truly feel that it was impossible for Him to eclipse a higher greatness by drawing attention to Himself. His words were His own, His works were His own; as God He was the author and giver of the gifts which He received as man; and therefore He thought it not robbery to draw the eyes of men away from the miracles and words which flashed forth from Him, away from the sights and sounds which heralded a mighty presence, to Himself, the Worker, the Speaker, Who gave their greatness to the words which He spake, and to the works which He wrought. My brethren, the words of Jesus, which challenge "witness,"—attention, homage, reverence, love,—to His personal Self, are only not intolerable because nothing less would have been adequate or true.

II. But you ask, How can we bear witness to a Person? We can describe a fact like a miracle, or we can repeat an instruction like the Sermon on the Mount. We can witness to that which we know; but how can we know, how can we seize, feel, see, possess, so subtle, so impalpable a thing as a person? especially how can we witness to a superhuman person, to One whom His Apostle describes as "over all God blessed for ever,"—to One whom we name in the Creed, "God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God?"

Let me, by way of reply, suggest to you another question in turn. Can we be witnesses to each other? Unquestionably we can; for we can know each other. And by this knowledge we mean not knowledge of the form and colour of the body or features, but knowledge of that which gives to features and to form their interest,—knowledge of the invisible spirit, which underlies them. That which interests man lastingly in his brother man,—that which is the seat and the object of human interest,—is the soul. We cannot, indeed, see the soul with the eye of the body, but with the eye of the mind we can see it, and form a very clear conception of it, which we call "character." For the soul is linked in this life to the body on such terms, that it can come forth from the shadow of the invisible world, and assert its presence. It cannot be seen in its essence; but it can be seen in its effects. The body is but its home, and its instru-

ment, which it moulds, bends, subdues, weakens or invigorates, overshadows or illuminates by its presence. By the organs of the body the soul moves forth from its recesses, and enters into communion with other souls. Learned men have recently been discussing afresh that most interesting problem—the origin of language. But the Church of God has from the first seen in human language a special gift of God, complete at the first, and a counterpart of the gift of an immortal soul,—an expression of its life,—a medium of the circulation of its thought and its feeling. When a man speaks, we read in his language, in its form, in its tone, in its very accent, the movement of an undying spirit. We read the strength or weakness of his understanding, the warmth of his heart, the vigour or feebleness of his will; we read thought, resolve, feeling, character. Language is the living expression of the soul's life; it flows forth from the soul, as the spring of water from the fountain: "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Man cannot really disguise in the long run the true features of the soul, even though, like the ancient hypocrites of the days of David, he should give fair words with the mouth, but curse with the heart. For language is too true an instrument to be lastingly tampered with; it is a revelation of soul to soul; it is a relentless witness, which drags the human spirit forth from its hiding-place to be judged publicly, and before its time, at the bar of humanity; it is an artist, who traces, without much real exaggeration or disguise, the lines of beauty which grace the inmost features of an invisible spirit. And as through language the soul speaks to the ear of man, so by action the soul addresses itself to the eye of man. Action is a more perfect unveiling of the soul than language; for it implies *more* deliberation. When a man acts—specially under circumstances of responsibility or of difficulty, which invest action with emphasis, and make it the product of the whole force of his being—then his true passions, instincts, lines of thought, capacities, all his littlenesses, and all his greatness, come to the surface, and you read his inmost nature in the text of his action. Once more, the soul is too active and imperious a tenant not to leave its mark upon the texture of the body, which it has inhabited for a term of years. We read something of the soul in the human countenance. This is why when those whom we love or honour have passed away, we love to detain on canvas or in photograph a memorial, which recalls to us something more than an accustomed

form, since it is the symbol of a spiritual nature. The eye can rest on nothing beneath the sun so deeply interesting as the face of any child of Adam. Every human face is a point at which we obtain an insight into an unseen world; since every human face, not less by its reserves than by its disclosures, records the play of thought and passion within a subtle immaterial spirit. Fear, joy, pride, lust, rage, sadness, shame, love, patience,—each by reiterated throbs leaves its mark upon the flesh, till at length the soul has moulded the ductile matter, so that it shall truly pourtray its tale of baseness or of beauty; till at length we have produced a picture, which we involuntarily exhibit before the eyes of our fellow-men as a speaking revelation of our inmost life. The bright eye and the lofty forehead proclaim to all thought and genius; while there are lines and features at the disposal of the moral forces of the soul, which can express such scorn, contempt, and hatred as might be natural to devils, or which can brighten up into the tenderness of benevolence, or into the very refinements of high sanctity. Thus, through a man's language, his actions, and his countenance, his soul speaks to the soul of his brother man; and while the essence of the soul is still necessarily hidden, the outward effects of its action convey a living and accurate impression of its secret life.

III. Now in Jesus Christ, God made use of this provision of His creative wisdom to enter into communion with His creatures. Reason may discover God's existence and His attributes; reason may even attain under favourable conditions to a cold and partial appreciation of His beauty. But to reason, unaided by revelation without the soul, and by grace within it, God must ever seem abstract, remote, inaccessible,—too certain and necessary a Fact to be refused a place in thought, yet too wholly disconnected from human interests to be regarded with any thing approaching to that passionate affection, which is a characteristic of the Christian life. Therefore, that He might embrace His fallen creatures with a revelation of His beauty, so intelligible and so captivating, that resistance and rejection should seem well nigh impossible; therefore, that in characters, which from long practice man would read at sight, God might reveal to man His inmost Life: the Most High robed Himself in a human body and a human soul. This was the Incarnation. The thoughtful Gentile might have read something concerning Him in the natural world; the devout Jew might have read more of His true cha-

racter in the moral law; but a living personal revelation of His beauty was reserved for the faith of Christendom. Those who, alas! are strangers to that faith, yet confess that in the Gospels they encounter a form of unapproachable grace and power. In the last age not merely the insulted and suffering Church of France, but infidel writers like Diderot and Rousseau challenged the sceptics of the time, in language which has since become classical, to match, if they could, the moral beauty of the Gospel. For in the Gospel we meet with One, who in His pre-eminent humanity is perfectly one with us, yet also most mysteriously distinct.

So rare and refined in His type of manhood that He escapes the peculiarities of either sex, since He combines the tender sympathies of woman with the strength and decision of man. He is a carpenter, but no trade or calling has dwarfed or narrowed the lofty stature of His life: He is pure benevolence, tied to no one form of human existence, yet adapting Himself to all. He is born in extreme poverty, yet He has no grudge against wealth; the wealthy classes are in the Gospel "the unfortunates." He is born of the race of Israel, on whom there has ever been stamped a national spirit of fierce and unrivalled intensity, yet His Jewish blood carries with it no trace of Jewish prejudice. He rises in His mighty charity above the barriers of race and character which divide the nations. He is claimed as their representative, by Greek and Roman and African and Teuton, no less truly than by the children of His people; yet the closest scrutiny can discover in Him as little of the formalism and fanaticism of the Jew, as of the cynical intellectualism of the Greek, or of the ambition and statecraft of the Roman: no class prejudice, no professional prejudice, no national prejudice has left its taint upon that Ideal Form, so as to make it less than representative of pure humanity. Yet, so far is He from being a cold, passionless statue, divested of all interests strictly human, that there is a warmth, a vividness in His character which none who have truly loved or wept can fail to understand and to embrace. Thus He loves with the passionate tenderness that shed tears over the grave of Lazarus, yet His affections contract not the faintest trace of an earthly blemish. He hates evil, and He denounces it in stern and unsparing words, but He is never for one moment betrayed into an unbalanced statement in the heat of opposition or of reaction; Herod does not make Him a revolutionist, the Pharisees do not force Him to be an Antinomian. His triumphs cannot disturb, and His humiliations do

but enhance, the serene, the incomparable grandeur and self-possession of His soul. Earnest and yet calm, full of tenderness yet full of resolution, living in contemplation yet ever ready for action, He combines as none other, that which compels our reverence with that which provokes our ecstatic affection. The nobleness and the loveliness of the human spirit, which ever elsewhere are found apart or joined in unequal proportions, are in Him fused and blended so perfectly, that [I quote with pleasure the words of a layman of our own day] "though the mental eye be strained to aching, it cannot discover whether That on Which it gazes in the Gospel be more an Object of reverence or an Object of love[4]."

Well might we surmise that such a character as this was more than human. We know ourselves too well, my brethren, to suppose that human nature would conceive the full idea, much less that it could create the reality. Even to the Roman officer, who stood beneath the Cross on the evening of Good Friday, the Truth revealed itself; the flash of moral beauty lightening up the darkness which then might seem to have closed in upon the world. "Truly this was the Son of God." Nay, more, Jesus Himself had used language which no intimacy of union between God and holy souls would warrant if it were not literally true. He speaks to His Father of the "glory which I had with Thee before the world was[5]." He says solemnly, "Before Abraham was, I am[6]." Again, "No man hath ascended up to heaven but He which came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven[7]." These and such like sayings, which the Jews understood and condemned as blasphemy, which the Apostles understood and accepted as statements of the literal truth, force us to a dilemma. Either we must resign that vision of beauty which we meet in the character of Jesus, as an untrustworthy phantom, since it is dashed with a pretension involving at once falsehood and blasphemy, or we must confess that Jesus is Divine—Divine not in the sense in which men in a vague way ascribe divinity to the highest human excellence without meaning to assert literal Godhead—but Divine in that absolute and incommunicable sense, in which we ascribe divinity to the Universal Father, in Whom there meets and from Whom there radiates a measure of power, of wisdom, and of goodness which knows no bounds. Yes! Jesus is God: and in the acts, the words, the very physiog-

[4] Goldwin Smith.
[5] St. John xvii. 5.
[6] St. John viii. 58.
[7] St. John iii. 13.

nomy of Jesus, the Apostles came face to face with the Supreme, Infinite, Perfect Being of beings, who, although dwelling in light which no man could approach unto [8], had thus passed forth from His inaccessible home, had taken our nature as an instrument through which to act upon us, but also as an interpreter who should translate His own matchless perfections into audible words and visible actions; so that He should be felt, studied, surveyed, known, aye, even handled, and then witnessed to with all the devotion that is due to a revelation of the highest truth and of the highest beauty. "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life; (for the Life was manifested, and we have seen It, and bear witness, and show unto you That eternal Life Which was with the Father and was manifested unto us;) That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you [9]."

Surely this very week we have witnessed, or rather we have experienced, in this metropolis the power which a strong human soul can wield over the thoughts and feelings of men [1]. London has just offered to a stranger of world-wide reputation a welcome so hearty, so spontaneous, so universal, that at this very moment the unaccustomed spectacle of your enthusiasm rivets the eyes of astonished Europe. Yet they who study the subtle laws and currents which affect opinion, have told us that, in this remarkable demonstration, it would be an error to recognize sympathy with any particular political doctrine: since the enthusiasm has been shared by all interests, all classes, all opinions; and if such an enthusiasm had been merely or chiefly political, the traditions of the English pulpit, no less than the high sanctity of the subject before us, would have proscribed an allusion which I trust may not be altogether unwarrantable. We have been paying homage, brethren, to nothing less than to a lofty character, to a rare union of courage, disinterestedness, and simplicity, to a man who having power and wealth within his grasp, cared not to clutch them, to a moral elevation, which always and every where exacts a tribute of admiration and respect, whether we detect it in the past or in the present, whether in a countryman or in a foreigner, whether in the service of a cause which forfeits, or of a cause which commands our sympathies. But permit me to remind you that an enthusiasm, of which the object is merely

[8] 1 Tim. vi. 16.

[9] 1 St. John i. 1—3.

[1] General Garibaldi entered London on Monday, April 11, 1864.

human, must pass away, since its object is necessarily transient and imperfect. As you, my countrymen, sit before me, with the ashes of Wellington beneath your feet, you little dream of the warmth with which Englishmen named their great general on the morrow of Waterloo. One Only has succeeded in creating an impression, which is as fresh in the hearts and thoughts of His true disciples at this moment as it was eighteen centuries ago; and as we listen to His words, and watch His actions, and almost seem to gaze on His face, irradiated with superhuman beauty in the pages of the Gospels, we feel that He, as none other, had a right to command distant and unborn generations to echo the enthusiasm of His first followers, and to say to us Englishmen of the nineteenth century, "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me."

IV. Witnesses unto Me! Brethren, it is a most solemn question; is there any thing in our life, or our language, any thing that we do, or any thing that we endure, that really bears witness before the eyes of our fellow-men, to the life and work of our ascended and invisible Saviour? Or are we living, speaking, feeling, acting, thinking, much as we might have thought, acted, felt, spoken and lived, if He had never brightened our life, if we had been born of pagan parents, and had never heard of Bethlehem and Calvary? Or are we bearing Him what our conscience tells us is a partial witness; a witness of language but not of conduct; a witness which attests those features of His work and doctrine, which we prefer, rather than all that we know or might know about Him, and that heritage of grace and truth which He has brought from heaven? For, if we believe in our very hearts that Jesus is God, we must see how from this glorious and lofty faith there results a derived faith in all the words and works of Jesus, just as when we stand upon a central mountain height we command a panoramic view, we overlook all lesser elevations, and we understand how all the diverging valleys at our feet are fertilized by the streams which flow from the rock we have climbed, and which towers so conspicuously above them. If we have the happiness sincerely to believe the fact that Jesus is God, it cannot be a difficulty to us that His death is a world-redeeming sacrifice for sin, that His Scriptures are inspired and infallible, that His Sacraments are channels of His quickening life. And as we witness to His Person, we must witness, according to our measure, to all that He has attested or authorized or wrought; because He in

Whose truth and wisdom we place absolute reliance has authorized and attested and worked it. Rising from an analysis of His character to a belief in His Godhead, descending from a faith in His Godhead to a perfect acceptance of all which He teaches us, —we meet the clear, unequivocal, inalienable duty, of witnessing to Him, His Person, His Work, His Words,—as the distinctive law of the Christian life.

This witness is the debt which all Christians owe to Jesus Christ our Lord. No class, or sex, or disposition, or age, or race, can claim exemption. We cannot delegate our profession of belief in Jesus, and of love for Jesus, to our clergy. It is not merely that we are bound to witness to Him. If we are living Christian lives, we cannot help doing so. The power and beauty of the Christian life does not depend upon the accidents which part men from each other in this world; it has nothing to do with station, education, income, or blood. In Christ Jesus neither the presence nor the absence of these things availeth any thing, but the new creation. There is a ray of heavenly light which plays almost visibly upon the soul which enjoys real communion with Jesus,— a beauty of spirit and temper, which tells its own tale, and which is an eloquent missionary. The soul that believes and prays cannot close up the pores of feeling and of thought; cannot prevent the escape of that heavenly virtue, of those powers of the eternal world, which have renewed its own deepest life. Such a soul recommends prayer, and sacraments, and all that brings men close to God by the mere fact of its own felt unearthliness.

Be Christians indeed, and you will forthwith witness for Jesus. You who are at the summits of society, and you who are at its base; you who teach, and you who learn; you who command, and you who obey; masters and servants, old and young, unlettered and scholars, each of you may bear his witness to our Almighty Saviour. In a lower and feeble sense they who practise the natural virtues, witness to Him, who is the Source of all goodness; and thus courage under difficulties, and temperance amid self-indulgent livers, and justice truly observed between man and man, are forms of witness. They who are in power, and who, renouncing selfish purposes, aim at the good of others; they who have wealth, and who spend it not in perishing baubles, but in relieving the mass of bodily or spiritual suffering, which in this metropolis presents such a sharp and ghastly contrast to the

selfish luxury which often ignores its existence, they bear this witness. The friendless young man in London, who leads a pure life amidst strong temptations; the maid-of-all-work, who serves a hard master faithfully and affectionately; the delicately-bred lady, who renounces the empty attractions of society, to nurse the fever-stricken sufferer in the ward of an hospital, or to teach a fallen sister, from whom her own pure nature shrinks, that it is possible to be pure, these turning their eye on Calvary, witness to Jesus. To sacrifice self for others, to sacrifice self for truth, is to bear that witness. Each one whom I see before me, if he loves Jesus Christ, may witness to Him. Yes, my brethren, though you are in weak health, or in narrow circumstances, or elderly and unmarried, or have a sensitive respect for public opinion, and such a dread of putting yourselves forward, that any thing like a public profession seems to you to imply insincerity, you too may forget your prejudices and your sensitiveness in forgetting self at the feet of your Lord. And you, who have a strong nature, a hard head, or over-mastering impulses; you, who fancy that your self-development into a healthy animal, or into a vigorous thinker, is your highest mark of destiny; you who cultivate originality, and who proudly disdain the lessons or precepts which would force you, as you deem, into the type and mould of common men; you, too, after a while, may learn that you were in the heart of Jesus, when He said to the representatives of His Church, "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me." For nature is the raw material which grace moulds for God; and a strong nature does not lose its strength because it has been made holy and pure. Such is the range and power of grace, that we can despair of no man. Out of the very stones of pride and of unbelief it can raise up children to the Father of the faithful.

But they, especially, who know our Lord in His pardoning mercy—who have looked up from the depths of spiritual agony to the Great Sufferer, from Whose open wounds there streams a tide of atoning virtue, and who have found in Him rest and peace—they will hardly be content with a silent witness. They will speak for Him, as from a full heart, whenever they can do so. For the disease which He heals is universal, and the efficacy of His cure is undoubted. It is a real distress to them, not merely that He should be wronged or misrepresented, but that He should be forgotten. All of you, Christian brethren, may bear this witness too. The redemptive love of Jesus, like the sun in the heavens, is the inheritance

of all who will come to have a share in it: and, as with the heart that love is believed in unto righteousness, so with the mouth confession of it is made unto salvation. They who have natural opportunities for influence, who teach the young, who write for the press, who come into contact with many friends or many dependents, can bear this witness for the Lord who bought them. They need not shrink back from the sense of their own unworthiness, since they are witnesses not merely to His person but to His grace. It is indeed easy thus to witness for Christ, in a state of society where there is perfect freedom of opinion. It is hardly difficult to witness for Him, in the face of social pressure, and against established but disarmed ungodliness. But to witness for Christ, as did the first Christians, when torture and death were the penalty of loyalty, to refuse to scatter the incense to Cæsar when refusal was to embrace an agony, to speak for Jesus from the rack or from the scaffold, when the broken accents of the sufferer were raised by the force of his death-struggle to the sublimest height of impassioned and burning eloquence—this is a witness which Christians have borne, and which is recorded to rebuke our feeble Christianity. Not merely grey-haired Apostles, like James and Peter and Paul; not merely saints of high learning and station, and force of character, like Polycarp, or Justin Martyr, or Cyprian; but rough soldiers, and poor working men, and mothers of families, and young lads and maidens—those in whom the pulse of life was strong, and those in whom it was feeble, have thus carried forward again and again their witness for Christ to a point of heroic endurance—which provokes our wonder while it might well strengthen our weakness or forbid our fears.

In this witness of suffering, and of silent persevering obedience, we see the central element of the growth and victory of the Church. Argument may have done *something*, but the masses of men have no time for argument, and are inaccessible to its force. Miracles actually witnessed may have done *more*, but the Gospel-history itself may convince us that the evidence of miracle cannot alone carry conviction to a stubborn unbeliever; he has many resources for evading it. But the Christian life, in which the love of Jesus Christ has dethroned and crushed out the natural selfishness of the human soul, exerts a silent but resistless fascination over at least a large number of those who are brought into close contact with it. It is not the influence of high education, or of vigorous intellect, or vigorous will. It is moral beauty

which is seen, as you gaze at it, to be true and to be strong, and which compels first admiration and love, and afterwards reverence and submission.

Again and again in the early days of Christianity the ordinary current of social influences was reversed, and the aristocracy of birth or wealth learnt to believe and to obey from the plebeian neighbour or the poor slave who was yet the true nobleman of the Church,—a very peer in the aristocracy of sanctity. Again and again the little maid spoke to Naaman of the healing virtue of the waters of Israel; again and again Daniel prophesied and suffered in the palaces of the second Babylon. St. Paul tells the Philippians that there were worshippers of Christ shedding forth light and truth among the slaves of the Cæsar Nero; and many a Roman lady must have learnt the preciousness of her undying soul, and the power of the Atoning Blood, from the poor Syrian slave-girl who arranged her toilet or who waited at her table. Thus the Church expanded in the midst of a hostile society in virtue of the power of its secret life. And that which we admire in the glorious past must be our hope for the anxious future: not merely because Christianity maintains its ascendancy, by its hold upon the lives of individual Christians, but because society itself would perish if it were not reinforced by an unselfish witness to the life of Jesus. There are vast reservoirs in which all the ambitions, and lusts, and brutalities of men are confined, as it were, within artificial embankments; and no embankment can permanently resist the pressure, and prevent the overwhelming ruin of a social catastrophe, if the materials of resistance be not welded together by some higher principle than the self-interest of classes; if it do not rest more or less upon the foundation of a charity which witnesses by word and deed to the transcendent moral majesty, aye, to the glorious Godhead, of the Lord Jesus.

Look at the inscription which is graven on the tomb of the great architect who built St. Paul's. It bids you look around this cathedral, since this cathedral itself is his true monument: "Si quæris monumentum, circumspice." And the scattered company of His faithful witnesses are the true monument of the Lord Jesus; they represent to other men something of the glory of their invisible Lord. They may be met with less frequently on the highways of power, or fame, or wealth than elsewhere; but it is true at this moment that our Lord is represented in all classes of society by devoted Christians, who hand on from

this to another generation the lustre of a life, which is the best evidence of the Gospel. "Si quæris monumentum, circumspice." Look around, watch, and you will see them. Nay, rather, resolve this night by the grace of Christ to join that company of His witnesses. What a power might go forth from beneath this dome into the great city which lies around us, if each Christian who hears me would resolve, God helping him, to bear a true, unflinching witness to the Lord Jesus! What glory to Him who shed His blood, what strength to His Church, what blessings to countless souls! what unspeakable gain to those who witness! Every hard effort generously faced, every sacrifice cheerfully submitted to, every word spoken under difficulties, raises those who speak or act or suffer to a higher level; endows them with a clearer sight of God; braces them with a will of more strength and freedom; warms them with a more warm and large and tender heart. Blessed they who really lose something, or who suffer something, for Jesus —here in the days of their trial. For beyond there is a vision which no merely human words may dare to paint—a vision which shall one day be true to all who have witnessed for our Lord—a vision of a world, where all has faded from sight, save only the redeemed souls, and the everlasting Object of their love.

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes[2]."

[2] Rev. vii. 13—17.

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